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[For the New Northwest.] Goodnight.

Goodnight, sweet friend, goodnight; Our ways have run together all this day, Till every thought of parting fled away, Leaving my spirit strangely, sweetly light.

When once the time finds his mate, And treads that dearest of all dear delights, The knowledge that another soul can scale the heights, And sound the depths it loves to penetrate— Ah, then it finds a meaning new, A deeper sense in the sad goodnight, A nobler shrinking from the fading light, Or even a day, like this one, spent with you.

SONORA HEWITT.

[Reprinted, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Mrs. Susie Withersell, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.]

CHAPTER XXVII. THE PROPOSAL AT THE COURAGE OF LODI.

When next our heroine awoke to consciousness, she gazed around her with a bewildered air, at first not being able to realize the past, which seemed like a dream to her.

"Where are we, Rissey? How came we here?"

"How comes we here? De Lord only knows, Miss Snory; but dat great big ugly red-headed man brigaded us both 'long 'ginst our will. I don't know whar we am, but we am in de house of some offul ole woman, who am neder nigger or white folks. Oh, Miss Snory, what will massa and missus say, and my poor Jinks? I promised to tell him last night wedder I'd be one of his flesh or not. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I spees we'll both be kilt, so 'at we'll never lib to be nuffin' anymore. Oh, golly! golly!" and hiding her face in her clean check apron, she sobbed loudly as her heart swelled with grief.

"Oh, I remember all now!" exclaimed Sonora, starting up. "My poor, dear father and mother! Oh, whar am I? What is this for?" screamed she, as the reality of the last few hours rushed upon her.

Hearing her voice, Norman, who had assumed his former suit and thrown aside the wig, now entered.

"So my beautiful Sonora has again recovered sufficiently to recognize the husband who was so rudely torn from her loving embrace," said he, as he seated himself opposite her.

"Norman Burke!" screamed she, as she sprang to her feet.

"Aye, Norman Burke, if you like that better than McIntosh," answered he, sneeringly, as he sat perfectly quiet, seeming to enjoy her surprise.

"What offense have I been guilty of, that you should thus seek vengeance upon me by stealing me away from my home and friends?" asked Sonora, as she seated herself upon the old lounge, from which she had risen, while her face assumed an ashy paleness.

"What have you done that I should steal you? Well, I like that! Understand, Miss, I have not stolen you, as you see fit to term it; I am merely claiming my own property, for did you not, with your parents' consent, promise to become my wife? And were you not always so, when some unknown impostor saw fit to intercept it by proclaiming falsehoods which are utterly unknown to me?"

"Hush! Stop, Norman! Know you not that many have been struck dead with a lie upon their lips? Tempt not your God again by committing that sin. I have had sufficient proof of every word uttered by Catherine de Midei to make it needless for you to attempt to palliate your guilt. And do you but know that I yielded to the wish of my mother when I promised to become yours? Yes, to the wish of my mother, who believed you to be even better than you appeared. I never could love you, and knowing that I never loved you, why still seek me? Well, did you know that my heart was another's ere I ever saw you. Why, then, did you demean yourself to usurp that place? Norman, if you have one particle of the feelings of an honorable man about you; if you ever expect mercy at the hands of your Maker, I beg of you to let me return home. Let me, oh! let me go to my agonized parents, who are now mourning my mysterious loss! And poor Rissey! surely she has done you no harm. Let her go, for she is as dear to the heart of her parents as I am to mine."

Rissey, who scarcely comprehended the matter of Norman, minus the disguise, was staring in mute astonishment. Throwing herself on her knees at the feet of Sonora, she said:

"No, Miss Snory, do not beg for Ris' freedom, for she will stay wid you as long as you lib, if dey don't kill her fast. Don't send me away; don't, for dat' offal man will kill you dead if Ris ain't 'long to protect you. I will say dem prayers you learnt me every day, and den de Lord will hear 'em sure and let us go."

"You are right, my poor Rissey. God will hear our prayers and deliver us this bad man," said Sonora, casting her eyes upward and laying her hands on Rissey's head.

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"But as for this nigger, why, I will see that she is set at liberty as soon as you are safe, for I am not of the Brigham Young order, and care not for a plurality of wives; neither can I afford a servant. I would not have troubled myself with her had it not been for her ferocious screams, which would have brought some one to your rescue, my fair beauty."

Then turning to Rissey, who was still kneeling, and eyeing him with an expression of some wild beast just about to spring upon its prey, he added:

"You need not be scared about your precious self. You are hardly polished enough to suit me. I will see that you are returned to your Jinks, who is more fond probably of ebony than ivory."

"I don't care nuffin' 'bout Jinks, if I can only stay 'long wid Miss Snory whar she is," replied the faithful creature, sobbing aloud. "But, massa, please don't keep Miss Snory 'ginst her will. Let her go, and tis is willin' to stay and die fur her, if you'll only give her back to her par'nts," and Rissey knelt and clasped her hands at the feet of the wretch, who only knew mercy by its name, and begged for the freedom of her mistress with all the pathos she was capable of.

"Get up, you darkey; it is useless to kneel to me. I am no monster. I am not going to kill your mistress, nor you either, providing you behave yourself. If you are so devotedly attached to Miss Hewitt as all that, and choose to follow her, you can do so as long as you go quietly and make no resistance; so get off your marrow bones and endeavor to cheer up your mistress, while I go order hissing to eat," and turning upon his heel, he left the room with as much composure as though it was a deed of kindness he was performing.

Rissey now arose and went to Sonora, who was weeping bitterly at the full reality of her situation broke upon her, and of the little mercy she could expect at the hands of so accomplished a villain.

"Don't cry, Miss Snory. I'll plan some way to 'scape 'fore long. If I could get dat pistol out of his pocket, maybe 't would be somebody else's turn to be scart," and casting revengeful glances at the door through which Norman had just passed, she seated herself beside her mistress, trying in vain to comfort her.

While they were thus seated, Norman again entered, followed by Lodi, bearing a tray containing delicacies. Placing them upon the table, she was about retracing her steps, without seeming to notice our heroine, when Sonora, seeing her intention, sprang to her feet, exclaiming:

"Good woman, as you hope to have your prayers answered at the throne of God, tell me where I am and help me to return to my dear parents."

"You are in the cabin of Lodi, and will return with her to the land of the red man," was the heartless answer, as she rudely pushed her from her and closed the door upon her.

Norman, who stood near by, caught Sonora, who would have fallen to the floor had he not done so, for the excess of her grief was almost insupportable. Seating her and taking her hand, he said:

"Miss Hewitt, you are aware, I presume, that you are entirely within my power. You are safe from all pursuers; you need not, therefore, flatter yourself with the vain hope of again returning, except on one condition, and that is—that you become my wife willingly. I will then see that you are restored to your home in safety, until such time as I can appear and claim you without fear of molestation."

"Norman Burke, insult me not further. You have already sufficiently wounded my nearly breaking heart by your cruel and unfeeling conduct. Seek not more revenge, for never will I become the wife of a man who has lost his own self-respect by ill-treating a woman. Never! Sooner would I die than wed myself to one whose hands have been stained in guilt as deep as yours."

"Then you seal your own doom, my spiteful beauty, for be mine you shall in spite of God or man!" exclaimed he, with an oath. "Call me a villain, do you? Perhaps you may have better cause before long. Once more I ask you—will you change your decision? Become my wife and I will immediately send for a priest, who will conduct you home, or part of the way. Refuse and you incur my hatred, which is stronger than my love. You shall be carried thousands of miles away from here, where you need never expect to see the home of your childhood again, and for what? To become my own peerless bride in the end!" and he laughed a demoniac laugh, and leaping towards the door, saying in an authoritative tone, "Choose which you will, and give me your answer when I ask it," and closing the door, he looked it out the outside, and Sonora was once more a prisoner.

"O, Rissey! Rissey!" exclaimed Sonora, as the key grated in the lock. "What is to become of us? Think of our parents and Harry! Oh, my brother, could you but come to the rescue of your distracted sister!"

Weeping, while her frame shook with emotion, sat poor Sonora, calling upon Rissey, who seemed at the present mo-

ment almost as dear as a sister. When in sorrow and affliction we find ourselves situated the same, how closely will we cling to them, though they may be far our inferiors, thus showing us that grief makes no distinction, but levels the high and exalts the lowly to equality. Never had Sonora felt the full value of her dependant as now, who had refused freedom that she might remain to comfort and perhaps be a sort of protector.

The room in which they were confined was a long, narrow one, with but one window, and that opened upon the roof, so that it was impossible to see or know where they were. Walking around and carefully examining to see if she could find any egress, Sonora at last gave up almost in despair. Throwing herself upon her knees, with one arm around her faithful companion, she poured out her distress into the ear of her Heavenly Father, in whom alone she trusted for her release.

Rising from their knees, Sonora walked to the table, and telling Rissey to follow her example, she partook of the really nice food that had been prepared for her, knowing that to give up in despair, and thus yield to an unwilling appetite, would not only be doing wrong under the present circumstances, but also render her feeble and incapable of that strength which she so much needed to recover, if possible, her freedom.

Feeling somewhat refreshed after this, she again seated herself in her former place, determining in her mind to be as calm and patient as possible and never to give up to despair while the least glimmer of hope remained to cheer her drooping spirit with its flickering ray.

"Ah, well may it be said, 'Were it not for Hope the heart would break'; for sometimes when trials and troubles gather thick and fast around us, and all seems dark and steeped in impenetrable gloom; when in our sadness for a moment we will exclaim, 'Wretched! wretched! Surely I shall never escape from this,' suddenly in the very midst of our despondency rises Hope, whispering, oh! so sweetly, 'Why this sadness? Do you not see your bright star in the distance? Cheer up; it shines for you, and you are to be far happier for this despondency. Remember, 'The darkest hour is just before the dawning of the day.'"

Knowing Lodi to be an Indian woman, from the glimpse she had of her and the answer she made, Sonora already began to fear that she was to be carried into captivity; but with great and prayerful efforts she managed to appear composed and tranquil, in order not to alarm Rissey any more than possible, whose loud lamentations in her behalf rendered her even more disconsolate.

As the shades of night began to gather round them, and render objects scarcely visible, Rissey crept to the side of her mistress.

"Lay down, Miss Snory, an' try to git asleep. Ris will watch you like a cat does a mouse. Don't be a bit afared while I am here," was the consolation offered our hero-sick heroine.

"I am glad you are so thoughtful, Rissey. I will do as you say, for it will help to make me still stronger. Let me sleep about an hour, and then I will watch you."

"Oh, missy, don't mind me. Ris is as wide awake as a black fish. No sleep for de chille while dat creetur is in de odder room."

"But you must do as I say, Rissey, if you ever hope to keep your strength and spirits up to return home, for it will never do for us to give up while there is life; so wake me in an hour or so," and she laid down on the lounge, and Rissey threw the large cloak over her (which Norman had used as a sort of disguise when carrying Sonora on the Dart). Taking a seat beside her mistress, she stretched her eyes to their fullest extent as the darkness became more intense.

The hour had expired; but hearing Sonora breathe as she slept as sweetly as though her head had been pillowed upon the breast of her mother, Rissey had not the heart to wake her. Laying her own head upon the edge of the lounge, with one arm thrown across her mistress, she caught two or three naps, though her ears detected every sound, which she heard a key placed in the lock, and hastily aroused Sonora.

"Dar comes dat horrid reptile," was scarcely articulated ere Norman, followed by Lodi and an athletic Indian, who, though dressed in a citizen's dress, failed to disguise the savage expression of his countenance, entered, bearing a candle.

"Be seated," said Norman, "while I speak a few words to the lady." Advancing towards his captive, who sat crouching upon the lounge, looking with terror upon this new comer, he said:

"Well, my sweet one, what is your answer? Have you concluded wisely to become my wife, and thus end all further trouble, by returning in safety to your parents, till such time as I can claim you? Or do you still persist in thinking me all that is bad, and thus seal the doom which awaits you, of becoming the captive of yonder woman, who will bear you away to her far-off home, where you will have for your companions the red man and the wild

beasts, which inhabit the wild forest, there to await my coming, which I am obliged to defer at present? And what for in the end? Only to become my own, my beautiful, beloved wife, uninterrupted by the interference of any unknown interlopers or cunning persons. What is your answer, my fair one?" and seating himself beside her, he would have taken her hand, but seeing his movement, Sonora started to her feet, exclaiming:

"Touch me not, and oh! in the words of Pauline, 'Let my wrongs make me sacred!' Monster that you are, thus to debase yourself even lower than I thought you! Are you not satisfied with the misery which you have already caused the hearts of others long before you saw me, without thus forcing your hated presence upon another? Begone, or let me go, for never while there is a God above will I become the wife of one who has no fear or respect for His holy name, much less of such a man as you, whose very presence is a blight to society. Let me go, I beg of you, Norman, and I will bless you for it. My prayers, which have already ascended, will surely be answered, for God will show mercy to those who bestow it. Think, I implore you, of my dear parents and that only brother, whom I love so dearly. Think of their misery, moaning my unknown fate! If you have, or ever had, a heart capable of feeling for another, Norman, oh, let me go!" and sinking upon her knees, Sonora clasped her hands in an agony of grief, as she plead for her release.

"I have thought of all you so pathetically refer to, Miss Hewitt, but it is insufficient to fill the void within my heart, which was once filled by love—yes, love for you—but now with hate, and which nothing but revenge can satisfy! You have my answer," said Norman, while his countenance assumed an almost Satanic look, as his piercing eyes fell upon his prisoner. Then turning to Lodi and her companion, Hard Heart, he said:

"Do as you agreed. Conduct your prisoners in safety to the land you have left, whether I will follow ere many moons wane to claim her as my bride, and to count out the gold which will make you great and powerful among your tribe. Keep them both in safety and free from harm. Remember till I come."

"This nigger will bring a good price at the south, as soon I become her lord and master," muttered Norman to himself, as he retreated towards the door, leaving Sonora and Rissey in the hands of two strange savages.

CARE OF THE EYES.—Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life by the too free use of eye-sight, reading small print and doing fine needle work, and the like. It is well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness. Never read by twilight on a very cloudy day. Never sleep so that on waking the eyes shall open on the light of the window.

Do not use the eyesight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate. Never read or sew directly in front of the light of the window or door. It is best to have the light fall from above, obliquely over the left shoulder.

Too much light creates a glare and pain and confuses the sight. The moment you are sensible of an effort to distinguish, that moment stop and talk, walk, or ride.

As the sky is blue and the earth green, it would seem that the ceiling should be a bluish tinge, the carpet green, and the walls of some mellow tint. The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub your eye, that moment cease using them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking, do not forcibly open them, but apply the saliva with the finger, and then wash your eyes and face with warm water.

A WOMAN ADMITTED TO CITIZENSHIP.—The Detroit Post says that a novel and interesting question was raised in the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Michigan, on the 4th instant, before Judge Conygar. Mrs. Sarah Ann Patterson, of Detroit, applied for and was granted naturalization papers admitting her to all the rights of citizenship. This was done under a statute of the United States which provides, when a man who has declared his intention to become a citizen dies before receiving his second papers his widow is entitled to take out such second papers, and they entitle her and all her minor children to all the rights and immunities of citizenship.

In 1855, Joseph Patterson, husband of the lady referred to, declared his intention to become a citizen. Subsequently he died, and now his widow, in behalf of herself and her children, has taken out her second papers admitting her to full citizenship. While it was apparently the intention of the law to confer citizenship in this way upon the minor children of an alien who had declared his intention, it was so broad as to confer all such rights upon the widow also. As one of the rights of citizenship is the right to vote, it is the opinion of legal gentlemen that Mrs. Patterson, thus having her naturalization papers, is entitled to vote.

The Princess of Salm-Salm has become a Catholic, and has entered a convent at Innsbruck in Tyrol. The Princess is an American by birth, the Miss Agnes Leclercq, of Baltimore, and her romantic adventures in Mexico six years ago filled the newspapers of the time. She saved her husband's life in Mexico, and got him restored to his military rank in Germany. He was killed at Gravelotte, at the head of his regiment. She was, at one time a circus rider, and her career altogether has been filled with adventure.

(From the Balance.) A Woman's Complaint. Yesterday's work—so ponderous— At last was rolled away— Back to my weary shoulders, Behold it comes to-day!

It seems to me these drudging lives Some theories reverse— Turn back, ye gods! and smother up development To us, if nothing worse.

Oh, let me go and dream awhile South arid-shining trees, Power, or wealth, or lion tairs, Or what'er please.

Respond to nature's frown or smiles, Repeat her scolding words, Cadenose and medicaments, Learn from her sinning birds.

For even now the fairie flowers covetously beckon me, Their wicker baskets, Leaves, just unrolled, to see.

From shimmering pots and kettles How gaily would I turn, Beside the gurgling spout, With patient lead to learn.

To 'yard' the stupid cows at night, And shut them in with bars, Is needier enough for me, I'd rather bound the stars.

The milk-maid, with her shining pail, Admiring points see, But the milk, the milky way, Has greater charms for me.

O, haste, thou "good time coming," When toil and care are done; When a new and holy era, Its eye has begun;

When all perplexities and pains, At which we now repine, Are changed to sweet content and joy By alchemy divine!

HOW UNCLE SAM'S BOYS ARE TO BE UNIFORMED.—Heretofore—Uncle Sam has ordered his troops to don the new and improved uniform, which is the result of the recommendations made by the Board which lately sat in New York.

The more important changes are the following: The double-breasted frock coat, heretofore sacred to officers above the rank of Captain, is now to be worn by officers of all ranks. The dress coat is recognized as part of the regulation uniform. The frock coat of the enlisted men is to be a neatly fitting blouse, handsomely faced, with the colors of the several arms on the breast and skirts, and liberally ornamented with buttons. The brass shoulder's scale disappear in favor of a cloth shoulder strap. For fatigue and other purposes a navy blue blouse, plated on the breast, and gathered in a waist-pipe, is provided in place of the present nondescript. The trousers of all generals and their staff officers are to be dark blue without trimmings of any kind. Regimental officers are to wear light blue, with wide, white stripes, the color of their respective arms of service. General and staff officers are to wear French chapeau, with ostrich plume, on dress occasions; mounted corps a black helmet with gold trimmings and plumes, and marching corps a dress cap, with upright plume of cock's feather—red for artillery and white for infantry. Foot soldiers will wear pom-pom instead of plumes. Mounted troops will wear genuine tops, with buff and sashes and epaulettes are abolished for all but general officers. There are many minor changes which, it is asserted, will be for the better.

EYE AND THE FIG LEAVES.—An amusing story is told of a daughter of a distinguished Southern General, who was spending the summer during the war at Silver Spring, Florida. As is well known, the ladies were compelled to resort to all sorts of expedients to make their gowns presentable, and many of them became very expert in the use of dyes, so that, shut out from the rest of the world as they were, their attire was always neat and lady-like.

It appears that the young lady in question had a black barge which she wished to restore to its pristine beauty, and so ordered her maid to dye it with her own fig leaves, which, as is known, are excellent for restoring color to dark materials.

Having waited for some time for the decoction to be brought her, she went out upon the gallery of the hotel, and called out in a loud voice—"Eve, have you put on the fig leaves?"

A number of gentlemen seated below with difficulty suppressed a laugh, and the young lady receiving no answer, reiterated her question more loudly than before. Unable longer to restrain themselves, the gentlemen laughed long and heartily. The absurdity of her question suddenly flashed upon the young lady, and she hastily retired to her chamber to hide her blushes and confusion.

Eve and the fig leaves was a standing joke at Silver Spring all that season.

(From the Pioneer.) Twice a Child. BY PEARL TYVING. Beneath the old forest trees I strayed Where in days of my childhood I played, Gathering autumn leaves in bright array, Or musing to pick in winter's day.

And as the dry leaves rattle at my feet, I long the same old friends to meet; But they tread the golden street; And none is near to speak to me.

They, when here, were a merry throng, Making the woods their play-room long; With their frolic, joy and song, How they sang, how they sang it strong!

How I start at shrill of bird! Or pause to look when the leaves are stirred; It seems the same footfalls are heard, But no more is heard to speak to me.

Ah! can this be childhood again? Oh, if it be, 'tis not the same; It brings not joy to the heart, but pain, As we walk for the past, in vain.

And as I walk with a different tread, I cannot but feel a sweet tread; And the leaves are white upon my head; Then I think I live hangs upon a thread.

Farwell to memories of childish play, To those who were so dear to me; To those, who long had ceased to play, I would no longer with them stay.

The old man droops, eyes close; His limbs are stiff, his old friends to meet. No more sorrow, nor trouble he knows, While upward singing, the young spirit goes.

About Women. Anna Dickenson will stump for Greeley. George Sand made \$80,000 by her last works. Women are worked upon the chain-gang in Paducah, Ky.

An Englishwoman avows her intention of offering herself as a candidate for Parliament. Olive-eyed Celestial women are quoted at New Orleans in British Columbia, on a falling market.

Somebody calls Miss Emily Faithful the Mrs. Livermore of England. James Rodpath is her lecture agent. "The Lamplighter," written by Maria Cummins twenty years ago, has found a French translator and publisher.

The Arcadian Club of New York, formerly welcomed Miss Louisa Kellogg on her triumphant return from Europe. Julia Hartly has commenced an action against the Guardian Life Insurance Co. for \$20,000 policy on the life of her husband.

Young ladies will hereafter be admitted to the collegiate department of Griswold College, Iowa, on the same terms as the young men. The Academy of Sciences at Philadelphia has elected a woman to full fellowship; there is also a lady on one of its executive committees.

Chicago has a shooting gallery for the exclusive use of ladies, among whom there is a growing recklessness to become proficient with rifle and pistol. Harriet Martineau and five hundred other English women have petitioned the House of Commons to dispense with the "cat" as a means of punishment.

Fifty children in charge of Miss Rye sailed from Liverpool for Quebec to-day in the steamship "Sarnah," homes having been secured for them in Canada. Miss Foley, an American sculptor at Rome, has been about the most successful artist in the Holy City, during the past season. Most of her work has gone to England.

A woman was complained of in Dunkirk, Chautauque county, N. Y., recently, as a common scold, and was arrested, convicted, and compelled to pay a fine of \$10. In a Florida young ladies' seminary the thoughts of the inmates are taken from dress, by putting the girls in a uniform—dark green for Winter and pink for Summer.

An old lady gave this as her idea of a great man: "One who is keener of his clothes, don't drink spuds, ken read the Bible without spelling the words, and eat a cold dinner on wash day without grumbling."

A Journal for the People. Devoted to the Interests of Humanity, Independent in Politics and Religion. Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Bold in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

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When speaking of the dead," says Sir James Puckle, in his "Gray Cap or a Green Head," a volume abounding in quaint smiles folded about the good sense—"What speaking of their dead, so fold up your discourse that their virtues may be outwardly shown, while their vices are wrapped up in silence."